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The Oddest Evening Party Of this Season.



FIRST ROW—TOP. Julia Hacker, Estelle Brauckman, Will Adams, Addie Yeargain, Ross Farnsworth, Giles Martin, Alma Brauckman, Clem Benthrop, Harry Johnson, Philip Hacker, Maud Evans, Electa Norwood, Clara Pesold, Maud Robbins.

SECOND ROW. Clarence Comfort, Itelka Imboden, Marie Martin Anna Hausmann, Hattie Yeargain, Georgia Sutton, Lee Orcutt.

THIRD ROW. Dora Yonge, Albert Deibel, Paul Haanel, Dorothy Baxter, Oscar Dempsey, Sam Snood, Richard Goodfellow, Nellie Wark, Blanche Hughes.

FOURTH ROW. Charlotte Baeppler, Roxaletta Taylor, Sam Owens, Maybelle Henderson, Ed Ross, Arthur Blaney.

There is Suggestion Here for Novelty in Home Winter Entertainment.

the word. Great preparations were made for the event and much time was spent in selecting the costumes and other paraphernalia by which the invited guests were enabled to carry out the idea of the "poverty party." To Miss Brauckmann it was a surprise in more than one sense of the word, and for a moment after entering the parlor where her guests were assembled, she thought that she had entered the wrong house, the disguises being so perfect that she was unable to recognize a single person present.

Miss Brauckmann is a favorite in a certain society set in the West End. When she returned to St. Louis a few weeks ago, after a protracted absence in the East, it was but natural that her friends should wish to celebrate the event. During her absence, Miss Brauckmann had been entertained in the cities east of the Alleghenies and her friends desired to celebrate her return in some manner that was out of the ordinary. Wits were set to work to devise some form of amusement that was different from the usual sort of reception—something novel and unique. A plan, evolved by Misses Julia Hacker and Maybelle Henderson, was developed and brought into successful operation.

It was decided to entertain with a "poverty party." Invitations were sent out several days before the party was to take place. Instructions accompanied every

invitation. The instructions were brief, but covered a multitude of possibilities—"Make yourself appear as poverty-stricken as possible and cultivate a 'Dookey' dialect."

For the next few days there was a great bustle among those to whom the invitations were sent. All sorts of unique characters and costumes were studied with a view to imitating them as nearly as possible. Old copies of comic papers were hunted up and these set forth in them were carefully followed.

Miss Brauckmann was not informed that she was to have a party in honor of her return. If she expected such an event she naturally supposed that it would be the traditional "surprise" to which every guest brings something good to eat and which ends with a dance in the small hours of the morning.

On the night in question the Brauckmann residence on Page boulevard was turned over to the "surprises." The young lady who was to be entertained was taken from home by her sister on the pretext of visiting a friend, and during her absence three dozen guests entered the house.

Promptly at 9 o'clock, as had been arranged by the jolly entertainers, Miss Brauckmann was escorted back to the house. The parlor was dark, the hostess quiet, and Miss Brauckmann, who had expected to meet a few friends upon her return, began to think that an April 1 joke was about to be perpetrated. As she en-

tered the parlor there was a suppressed snicker and much mysterious rustling. A sharp snap in the hall and the electric lights brightened the whole house, and in a twinkling Miss Brauckmann found herself surrounded by a motley throng.

One of the young men constituted himself master of ceremonies and introduced the guests to the bewildered hostess. In many cases the disguise was so perfect that close friends failed to recognize each other. There was Mrs. Maloney, as true to life as if she had just stepped out of her poultry yard on Biddle street. No one would have recognized Miss Maybelle Henderson, so completely disguised was she by the rough garb and face which seemed to have been coiled unblushingly from Puck. The costumes and make-ups were various, every possible type of the subject in hand being represented.

After Miss Brauckmann had been introduced to each one of her queer callers, she was asked to pick out those she knew. Out of the forty persons present, she recognized but ten.

Edward Ross, a slender young man with a rather ethereal face, with the aid of a red wig and beard, overalls and a flannel shirt, transformed himself into the typical hobo-carrier. He was not recognized at all by the hostess, and for his perfect disguise was awarded a prize.

the lady's prize.

The fun, however, did not stop at the masquerading. Irish palaver was the order of the evening. Some of the guests had acquired the richest brogue on the market, and knock-out character stage jokes were dished up in profusion. To the tune of air of "The Wearing of the Green" the guests marched to the supper-room. Even there the joke was carried out to the letter.

On dishes as green as Erin's and were served concoctions on which all true natives of the Emerald Isle dote. The potato was pressed into active service, and every dish into which that vegetable can be transformed was on the table. It was a jolly party that sat around the board, and Colonel Hopkins, Colonel Middleton and other Vanderbille improvisers might have gone further and lured worse in the selection of talent such as presented itself at that gathering for the asking.

After the guests left the table a flashlight photograph of the party was taken by Mr. Theodore Barn, and probably no artist ever had such unruly posers to deal with. To group them together and keep them in place was the smallest part of the undertaking. To get them all quiet and to keep them so, seemed almost impossible. Mr. Engle, however, caught them at the first flash. A shout went up when the darkness was dispelled by the sulphur light, and the camera caught the expression on every face. When that part of the party was

concluded, the parlors were arranged for those who cared to dance, and various other forms of amusement were indulged in. There were many exhibitions of Highland flings, Irish clogs and other national dances.

The "poverty party" is still the talk of the set which made the affair such a success, and the neighbors out on Page boulevard are all talking about the fun they had in watching the merry-makers in the forty-four hundred block. It was the first party of its kind ever given in St. Louis, but it is safe to say that it will not be the last.

Minds of different nationalities are in great demand in the households of those who attended the party, and the young ladies and gentlemen of these families are studying character dialect with the same assiduousness that French, Spanish and German are studied by those who contemplate foreign trips. The Misses Hattie and Addie Yeargain, are already proficient in the new accomplishment. Messrs. Deibel and Hacker, despite their Teutonic cognomen, could pass in Hibernian circles as natives of old Erin. It may be said of Miss Roxaletta Taylor that her tongue seems specially adapted to the brogue of the real Mrs. Maloney.

Something is in the wind among the originators of the "poverty party," and the members of that particular set are looking forward to it with great anticipation.



SOMETHING original in parties! That is the achievement of a number of young folks in St. Louis. Nearly every one knows about "poverty parties" and "racy parties" where the guests are arrayed in the most absurd old clothes they can find, and quite every one knows about "surprise parties." It has remained for these St. Louis young men and women to combine the two and add a spice to the result by introducing the famous "Dookey dialect."